

# THE TRIBUNE.

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## Lincoln Park School.

We desire to sincerely thank all who assisted in our entertainment for the benefit of our library. By this effort, the colored people have shown not only their interest in the education of our people in Montgomery, but have demonstrated their willingness to help, in any way they can, any movement designed to help us on toward good and useful citizenship.

We have secured a book-case, and sent an order for books which will be here soon. We hope that the library may grow, and be fostered as well as the general interest of our school.

We had the following pleasant call Tuesday afternoon of last week: Misses Geneva Alterson who is a student in Lincoln Institute, Charlie Taylor, who is teaching the colored school at Warrenton, and Mr. Nathaniel Harper, of this city. This is a good beginning in the way of visitors for the new year. We hope visitors will continue to come.

Respectfully,

W. O. SHELTON

## Pot Calls the Kettle Black.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., January 8.—Arguments were heard this evening before the House election committee in the contest cases of Wolf vs. Norris, from the First district in Greene County. Norris is the Republican member, whose seat is being contested on the ground that he failed to pay his taxes during the year next preceding the election. It was shown during the hearing this afternoon that Wolf was now being sued for back taxes; that for five years he had not paid a cent as taxes, and that the amount he paid as taxes in the year next preceding the election was the meager sum of \$50.

## To Punish Kidnapping.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., January 8.—A kidnapping bill was presented by Senator Martin this morning in the Senate. Governor Dockery is on record as favoring conservative legislation to check this evil. Under the provisions of the proposed law, any attempt to abduct or carry away any child of any age for the purpose of exacting ransom or any other reason shall be punishable by death or by imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of not less than ten years.

## Sympathy for Filipinos.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., January 8.—The Democratic members of the Missouri House of Representatives today went on record, excepting a few as disloyal to the United States Government in its efforts to suppress the Philippine rebellion. The following resolution was adopted by a vote of 75 to 47: H. C. and H. C. H. C., Democrats, voting with the Republicans and eight refusing to vote.

"Whereas, The sympathies of the American people go out to all nations and to all people struggling for liberty, therefore be it

Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the Forty-first General Assembly of Missouri extend sympathy to the people of the Philippine archipelago in their heroic struggle for freedom."

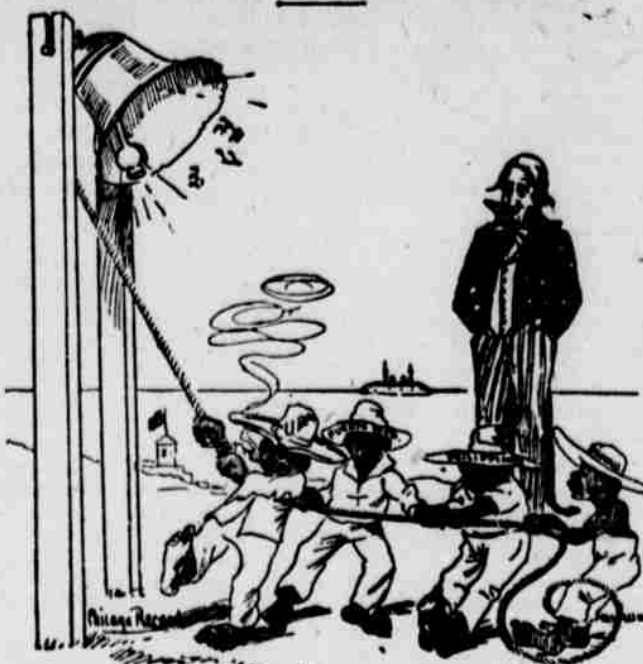
The resolution was introduced by Mr. Kendrick, the Democratic member from Linn.

The Democratic members made the record for their party after undoing some of their work of yesterday. Mr. Dorris, of Oregon, moved that the resolution introduced by Mr. Carter, the Republican member from Grundy, yesterday, extolling Andrew Jackson and endorsing "expansion, sound money and other progressive ideas of modern times, be reconsidered. Mr. Carter moved that the motion be tabled.

Mr. Hamilton, of Daviess, told the Democrats that the Republicans had thrown dust in their eyes yesterday and were laughing in their sleeves because they had succeeded in leading the Democrats to endorse a Republican and gold bug resolution.

Mr. Sturgis, the Democratic member from Monticello, said the Democrats had overlooked the expansion and sound money provision in the resolution and they were opposed to it. It is meant that for which the Republican party and a few gold Democrats contended.

## RINGING THE LIBERTY BELL.



## CAVES CONTAIN ICE.

Huge Quantities of It in Subterranean Caverns.

Comparatively few freezing caves are known as yet west of the Mississippi, but there is no doubt that many will be discovered in time, as freezing caverns are not an uncommon phenomenon. Some of these freezing caverns—incorrectly termed ice caves—are very large. In the one at Dobelina, Hungary, there is a mass of ice about 110 yards long, 65 yards wide and at least 15 yards deep. The formation and retention of subterranean ice always seems mysterious at first, but it is in reality a simple matter. In freezing caves the entrance is always above the body of the hollow and the cold air of winter sinks down into the hollow, and on account of its weight is not easily displaced by the lighter warm air of spring or summer. The cold of winter thus permeates the hollow, and when thawing snows or spring rains supply drip water to the cave the cold within freezes the drip into a mass of ice, in some cases large enough to last through the following summer. There are at least four other theories in regard to the formation of underground ice, but they do not stand the test of observations.

## Fashionable Chirography.

In chirography the large hand, both English and round, is affected, and to be quite up to date one should not write more than three or four lines on each page. In writing a letter or note the preference is given to the fourth page and the letter is continued over the first page, then on the second, ending on the third. Some prefer to write only on the fourth and third pages, leaving the second and first blank. No particular style of pen is used exclusively this season and either steel or diamond point is chosen to suit the fancy of the writer. Dresden china penholders are as plentiful as blackberries in their season and come with both gift and silver mountings. A very aristocratic-looking holder is of tortoise shell twisted to resemble a horn and mounted with silver in an antique design.

## Gambling on the Katschelt.

The English government has recently prohibited in India the peculiar hazard game called "Bama da satta." This game cannot be played except when it rains, for, in fact, it consists of betting on the date of rain and the quantity that may descend from the skies. On all the porticos, or "altars," as they are called in India, there are certain tubs, introduced which have a perpendicular pipe in their centers, the pipe being provided with equal division marks or notches. The point of the game is to determine in advance just what time a certain height will be reached by the water. The natives have pursued this method of gambling with such passion that quarrels, and dangerous ones, often resulted, and hence the ruling of the English government to make the play illegal.—New York Herald.

## Artesian Wells of Algeria.

The artesian wells of eastern Algeria have reconciled tribes whom military terrorism failed to pacify. The first appearance of the rock drill machinery merely provoked their banter, but when unfailing fountains of cold water burst forth and filled tanks and refrigeration canals their jibes turned to silence and finally to grunts of approval. Now they are besieging the tents of the government engineers, begging them to try their luck here and there and promising their political support in case an aquatic treasure trove should restore the productiveness of their parched-out fields.

## Crutch and Cane Thrown Away.

At the hot springs of Aulus, reached via the Wabash R. R., The Hot Springs of Arkansas are owned by the United States Government, and have its endorsement for the cure of scrofula or more of human ills, including rheumatism, catarrh, neuralgia and nervous troubles. Splendid winter climate, and two hundred hotels of all grades.

If you contemplate making such a trip communicate with

C. H. Caroushan, Agt.

## A FALSTAFFIAN TRAGEDY.

Incident of the Paradoxical Pass in Cuba.

A correspondent of Forest and Stream, writing from Cuba, tells this incident of the famous Paradoxical Pass, in the Cubitas Mountains: We discovered the pass without much difficulty, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in riding through it and gazing upon its beauty and grandeur. It is a rift (doubtless volcanic) in the solid marble of which the mountains appear to be composed. It is a mile or more in length and of a width just sufficient for a wagon road, with a margin of a few yards on each side. Beyond this margin rise the sheer walls of marble to a height which I will not attempt to state, as we had no means of measuring, but it was a long way to the top. The margin on each side of the trail grew thick with tropical vegetation, and even in many places along the vertical rock trees had succeeded in attaching themselves to crevices, and while putting stem and branches upward like ordinary trees, had also put vertical branches downward toward the ground. I suppose these were of the nature of roots, but they looked just like ropes, and taking it all round the walls were in great part obscured from vegetation. This greatly enhanced the beauty of the scene and we all gazed with delight upon a sight the like of which we have never seen before. Twenty-two years ago or thereabouts, in the Ten Years' War, a Spanish column of troops was surprised in this pass by Cuban insurgents, who lined the edges of the cliffs and hurled down stones upon them after the practice of the Moors and Spanish in former days, as related by Irving. There appears to be no authentic account of the number killed, but it may have been considerable. We interrogated our guide about it on the following day. He was an aged Cuban of unusual spirit and intelligence, a master of the machete and a thorough woodsman. He told us that the tradition of the massacre of the Spanish was in fact true; that he himself was one of the Cubans who had thrown the stones, and that many Spanish were killed. All this was extremely interesting to us; we had always heard of this massacre, and here we were at last on the very ground and talking with one of the men who did it. We pressed him for facts, particularly as to numbers killed. He replied in the Spanish way, "Oh, many, many." I asked him if he thought a hundred. He said probably more, and we let the matter drop for the time being. The guide bore the usual appearance of poverty and destitution, but on the strength of his employment as guide, which was doubtless unusual, he had indulged in a bottle of Jamaica rum, which he pressed on us with great liberality, and of which he partook himself copiously. After one or two tumblers of the scorching beverage had been turned down his aged throat he became more communicative, and I asked him again about the number of Spanish killed; he now replied that it was over 200. Later, about the time the rum was entirely consumed, he was again asked, and he said "more than 200." Finally, on our return to camp, when we settled with him for his services, we were so pleased with him—for he had really given us a most interesting day—that we gave him a dollar more than his price and invited him to dinner with us. This seemed to have completely warmed the cockles of his heart, and he showed his appreciation of our attention in the only way possible to him, viz., by increasing the number of Spanish killed in the Paradoxical Pass, for one of the packers asking him about this time as to the number, he replied with great gusto, "More than a thousand."

## Bishops Take Umbrage.

The Athenaeum of London is a very large club and consists of eminent men, judges, barristers, and, above all, bishops. It was a rainy day; it was of those threatening days with showers, and one of Lord's secretaries observed that the bishop was starting out for his morning walk. He rushed to the Athenaeum; he rushed to the club and offered it to the secretary. "No, no," said Lord's secretary, "I've lost too many in the rain. I cannot trust the bishop."

## THE ORIOLE.

In blossom time the oriole sings  
Out to the air his midnight wings:  
His breast, that swells so joyously,  
A fragment is of sunset sky.  
In recess at the tree-top swung,  
Fragrant and with such colors hung  
As never were wove at Arras, there  
He waits his sweetheart of the air,  
Knowing the love-tryst will be kept.  
Ere many skies have gleamed or wept  
He'll hear her voice, with answering  
chime,  
In blossom time.

What mural painting there is seen!  
Ivory pale rose and tender green,  
And brown of bud, and glint of dew,  
Such fragrance in each dainty hue;  
With turfy floor and columned bole,  
The orchard for the oriole!  
Yet each tint of the apple-tree  
Is far less glorious than he,  
Lending to him a glow more fair;  
Young Vanity makes that his care  
In blossom time.

How lustily he trills his cheer  
To strike her coming listening ear!  
His passionate expectancy  
Transmutes his soul to melody.  
The bee that to his call have come  
Sound all in vain their deeper hum,  
And lost upon the flowing air  
Their drowsy twilight nocturne there,  
Soon she will come from southland far  
To where the scented petals are  
Beneath the bridal roof of blue!  
And me with thee, and you with true,  
And kiss with bliss, will ever rhyme,  
In blossom time, in blossom time!

—Youth's Companion.

## Beyond the Realm of Science.

### BY EVALANA RASBURY.

(Copyright, 1900: Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
Leland wondered in a mild way why he had accepted Dr. Andrews' invitation to the dance at the sanitarium. Was he not satisfied with ball, solitaire and reception since he began the search for her? Had he not neglected his professional duties and interests in his pursuit of a beautiful ignis-fatus—a dream creature? What would be the Omega of it all? Would he find her? Was his constant waking thought, while in his dreams she ever came, and looking into his eyes, smiled and beckoned him on over boundless oceans and limitless prairies. Always the same beautiful face, with smiling mouth, and dark blue eyes holding a world of tragic shadows in their depths.

What mattered it that his friends openly accused him of being taciturn and morose? He would share his secret that made and marred his happiness with no one. Even had he felt inclined to be communicative, what man would believe one dream, and but one dream visited his sleeping hours. That the dream-face of a woman had become his long-star—an integral part of his life? If this strain continued how long could he preserve his mental equilibrium?

God! Had Dr. Andrews suspected him of being mentally unbalanced? Did the suspicion not account for the rather persistent effort on the part of the doctor toward the renewal of an intimacy of other days? Perhaps the doctor was making a study of him in the interests of science! The thought induced a sensation of giddiness, and dropping on a divan he closed his eyes.

As he both hoped and feared, again her face flashed across his mental vision. He felt all his faculties to be alert this time—he was not even asleep. Here was a departure; perhaps, after all, the doctor had diagnosed his case properly. To the winds with idle speculations and conjecture! Was she not with him, was she not for the time his? No evil could counterbalance that happiness!

He nodded brightly to her, realizing as he did so the change in her. The tragic shadows had fled from her blue eyes; moreover, her entire form was plainly visible. He noted with all the appreciation of a lover the Juno-like figure, clad in white alken Greek draperies; the sunny hair drawn in soft masses high on the shapely head; the dimpled arms, bare to the shoulder; strong, firm hands, holding a violin



He drew on his great coat, and bow. He even noted that she wore white satin slippers, and that one foot rested on an ottoman.

Drawing the bow across the strings of her violin, the room was filled with the melody of his childhood's favorite waltz air, "My Queen." Looking straight into his eyes, her whole body leaned toward him in an attitude of endearment. She was playing to him alone and for him alone. He was acutely conscious of a feeling of proprietorship in the beautiful apparition. Her music was now airy and capricious, full of surprising little trills and undertones. 'Twas the same sweet fact that had peopled his dreams for a year, its beauty a thousand times magnified. He felt his senses reel with the intoxicating sweetness of the

scene—the twang of a broken string, and he opened his eyes to four bleak walls.

Unwilling to longer be the prey of solitude and a horde of unhappy thoughts and memories, he drew on his great coat and went out into the bracing night air. He walked briskly toward the old Wolsen home, which Dr. Andrews had recently purchased and furnished as a sanitarium, where he made a specialty of treating insanity. Dr. Andrews was a deservedly popular man, and indefatigable in his efforts to relieve Reason's torch in benighted brains—hence his experiments in matinee musicales and dancing parties. Leland was cordially greeted by the doctor in the entrance hall, and together they passed into "the den" on the left as if by mutual consent, the doctor closing the door after him.

"Old fellow," said the physician, "I had quite set my heart on your coming, and I half feared you would disappoint me. I have an irresistible desire to tell you a story in which I figure—a story bequeathed with sadness. You hear the music across the hall, the sound of flying feet and happy laughter? Well, among my guest patients is a young girl, whose family placed her under my care to be treated



"My Queen, I've come."

for a very peculiar form of insanity. I will not burden your memory with the name science has given it.

"Her peculiar hallucination is the belief that in dreams she sees the face of the man she is to marry, consequently she absolutely refuses to consider the numerous proposals of marriage of suitors highly eligible. Leland, I've learned to love this girl devotedly; nay, almost madly! If I am unsuccessful in removing the dusky cloud that enshrouds my darling's intellect and in winning her love, my life will be but a monotonous round of duties, barren of the love that makes man's estate akin to that of the angels. I will have missed the connecting link between earth and heaven.

"I tell you all this before presenting you to my poor, dear love, believing and hoping your sympathy may become an important factor in what was that cry? Go across to the ball room, Leland; I'll follow when I've assisted the attendants in quelling the disturbance among the more violent of my patients."

Like an automaton, Leland crossed over and stood gazing into the ball room, his mind in a state of chaos.

The dining room, with low, broad windows, was for the occasion converted into a handomely decorated ball-room. Yards and yards of floral ropes festooned the walls. Here and there a statuette gleamed white and stately against a background of feathery ferns and trailing arbutus, the requisite touch of color coming from the six or seven flag draperies. It was like a scene from fairyland, with guests and inmates dancing or standing in animated, picturesque groups.

A violin note, sharp, resonant, brought Leland to a sudden realization of time and place. As he turned toward the musicians, who were half hidden by palms, "My Queen" came floating through the room and the dancers once more were whirling and away with the music, as if life were all May-time. Leland's eyes instantly sought and met the questioning gaze of the violinist, a tall girl in white, who rested one foot on an ottoman as she played. The girl smiled the old familiar smile, and continued to play.

Leland, no longer master of his emotions, crossed the room and reverently touched her arm, saying, "My queen, I've come."

"I'll play 'Farewell to Dreams,'" said the girl.

All hushed spellbound to a violin solo of unusual merit, to music as coy and capricious as the love of a coquetish maiden. It was deliciously familiar to Leland. A change came over the spirit of the girl, and as if dismissing the pagan of shadows that had haunted their past, her violin laughed, bubbled and shrieked diabolically, drowning the groans of a man who lay above, with body vibrant with the agonies that precede death from a blow on the head—the victim of a murderous assault of an irresponsible.

## Well-Diggers' Rheumatism.

Well diggers are subject to many ailments beside rheumatism. The sudden and frequent changes they make from hot to cold atmosphere often bring on diseases of the nervous system. One man so employed in an Iowa state recently had fifty convulsions in a single day. The trouble was the physicians until they discovered that the man's nerve center had been coming out of the cool

## TO SOAR VERY HIGH.

Count Zeppelin's Air Ship Almost Ready for the Trial Trip.

News comes from Europe that the flying machine designed by Count Zeppelin of the German army has been completed, and is about to be put to a series of trials. Unusual interest is centered on this machine because of the magnitude of the scheme and because of the association with it of such a distinguished name as Count Zeppelin. An idea of the enormity of the scheme may be gathered from the fact that before any work was begun a floating construction plant was erected on Lake Constance 450 feet in length and 65 feet high. In the boat house the foundation of the ship was laid, and since then the entire construction has been carried on within its four walls. The air ship itself is 400 feet long, with a diameter of 58 feet. The exterior is aluminum, while the power is furnished by two sixteen horse power Daimler motors, and the crew consists of five men. The cross section of the ship's body amounts to 315 square feet, and the entire surface of disposition, projected on a vertical plane, amounts to about 340 feet. In construction the ship is a form of lattice-work with steel stretch wires, outside the lattice is a smooth covering of cloth, consisting of pegamold on top and silk cloth below which is stretched over the network of ramie fiber that forms a cover for the metal frame. The body of the balloon is divided into seventeen cross sections, or compartments, each of which is about 25 feet long, except two of about 12 1/2 feet in length. Each compartment contains an inflated balloon, protected from rubbing against the metal walls by a covering of ramie fiber. In front and at the rear of the ship, both above and below, are steering gears, and at the sides are two pairs of four bladed screw propellers three and a half feet in diameter. The advantage of the Zeppelin system of cells, here put into practice for the first time, is in this case made apparent; for in the event of a material increase in weight the length of the ship offers a steadiness not to be obtained in any other form of construction. The escape of gas is also confined to small spaces. Close below the air ship, and closely fitted to it, forms a keel, is a 30 feet long, with aluminum cages. This carries, besides the crew of five men, two sixteen horse power Daimler motors and ninety quarts of benzine, calculated to last ten hours. The combined weight of the motors amounts to 1,420 pounds, the hourly consumption of benzine being 26 pounds. As a result of its 11,200 square yard air supply Count von Zeppelin's invention possesses a carrying capacity of a corresponding measurement. According to the calculations of the builder, Engineer Kuhnler, the entire weight of the ship, including the crew, does not exceed ten tons, notwithstanding in length it measures the size of an ordinary ocean greyhound. Included in this figure is a water ballast of one and a half tons. Practical experiments with the motor in a boat on Lake Constance have demonstrated that each motor consumes hourly 12 pounds of benzine. Each benzine tank holds about 120 pounds of benzine, or sufficient for a ten hours' run. Within this time it is reckoned that with a velocity of 36 feet per second the ship would cover 180 miles in ten hours, or the distance from Philadelphia to New York and return. There is, however, nothing to prevent the carriage of sufficient ballast in the shape of benzine tanks to provide for a run of from 30 to 40 hours, or 720 miles, the distance from Berlin to Rome.—Philadelphia Record.

## Chicago Women "Too In."

A Chicago man with nothing better to do has discovered that at least 30 per cent of the women of that city "too in." From observations made in houses, railway cars and on the street he finds that the habit of about one-fifth of the women is to turn their toes in. Sometimes it is both feet, and sometimes but one foot. He does not pretend to account for this ungraceful habit, but it presumably arises from improper or a total lack of physical training. Certain it is there is scarcely anything more distressing than to see the points of a pretty woman's shoes converging toward each other from beneath her dress. No one of an observing nature who once saw her feet in a glass would ever again toe in, as the saying is. It is a habit acquired in childhood, but which might easily be corrected by mothers—if they did not "too in" themselves.

## To Scold Train Robbers.

On the new locomotives of the Denver & Rio Grande railway nozzles have been placed on the roofs of the cabs pointing at the rear of the tender and the platform of the front end of the baggage car. These connect to the hot water of the boiler through a cock convenient to the engine driver or fireman, who can instantly send a jet of mixed steam and boiling water, at 200 pounds pressure, that would effectively kill anybody happening to be in its range. The jet is for protection against train robbers.

## Happiness.

Happiness, as proved by ages of human experience, is simply the music of a well ordered life; and every time you break a law of body, mind or soul you detract so much from the very possibility of happiness, just as every time you mar an organ you take away from the possibility of its producing music.

—J. J. Savage.